BOUND BY RIVIERE & SONS FOR T. J. WISE

Note.

This beautiful copy of the First Edition of Coleridge's "Concions ad Populum" is one of the largest and finest specimens of the book I have ever seen. It was formerly the property of Coleridge's friend Dr. Joseph Henry Green. When it came into my hands it was bound up with "The Plot—

Discovered" in a shabby
old volume, and I had
the two books cop re-
bound in levant morocco
by Riviere.

Thos. J. Wise

358 CONCIONES AD POPULUM: or Addresses to the People. 1795.
First Edition, original dark blue glazed wrappers, slightly defective, entirely uncut, fcp. 8vo. £285

This copy belonged to Mrs. Watson, the daughter of Gillman, with whom Coleridge lived for some years at Hampstead. On the fly-leaf, in Coleridge's handwriting, is the inscription:

> "*Welch Heiress,*
> *Agnes de Courci,*
> *Juvenile Indiscretions,*
> *Ellen, Countess of Castle Howard,*

all by Mrs. Bennett, the authoress of "The Beggar Girl," the best novel *meo judice* since Fielding. I should like, therefore, to see the others."

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CONCIONES AD POPULUM.

OR

ADDRESSES

TO THE

PEOPLE.

By S. T. COLERIDGE.

1795.

Νυν αν ατεχνως γκω παρεσκευασμενος

Βοαν, υποκρθειν, λοιδορειν τας ρητορας,

Εαν τις αλλο πλην περι ειρηνης λεγη.

ARIST. ACHARN. 37.

PREFACE.

THE two following addreſſes were delivered in the month February, 1795, and were followed by ſix others in defence of natural and revealed Religion. There is "a time to keep ſilence" ſaith King Solomon;—but when I proceeded to the firſt Verſe of the fourth Chapter of the Eccleſiaſtes, "and conſidered all the oppreſſions that are done under the Sun, and behold the Tears of ſuch as were oppreſſed, and they had no comforter; and on the ſide of the oppreſſors there was power"—I concluded, that this was *not* the "time to keep ſilence."—For Truth ſhould be ſpoken at all times, but more eſpecially at thoſe times, when to ſpeak Truth is dangerous.

Clevedon,
November 16*th,*
1795.

A LETTER from LIBERTY To her dear Friend FAMINE.

DEAR FAMINE,

YOU will doubtleſs be ſurprized at receiving a petitionary Letter from a perfect Stranger. But Fas eſt vel ab hoſte. All whom I once ſuppoſed my unalterable friends, I have found unable or unwilling to aſſiſt me. I firſt applied to GRATITUDE, entreating her to whiſper into the ear of Majeſty, that it was I, who had placed his forefathers on the throne of Great Britain—She told me, that ſhe had frequently made the attempt, but as frequently had been baffled by FLATTERY: and that I might not doubt the truth of her apology, ſhe led me (as the Spirit did the prophet Ezekiel) " to the Door of the COURT, and I went in, and ſaw—and behold! every form of *creeping Things*." I was however ſomewhat conſoled, when I heard that RELIGION was high in favour there, and poſſeſſed great influence. I myſelf had been her faithful ſervant, and always found her my beſt protectreſs: her ſervice being indeed perfect Freedom. Accordingly in full confidence of ſucceſs I entered her manſion—but alas! inſtead of my kind Miſtreſs, horror-ſtruck I beheld " a painted patched-up old Harlot."

Harlot." She was arrayed in purple and ſcarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious ſtones and pearls, and upon her Forehead was written "MYSTERY." I ſhriek'd, for I knew her to be the Dry-nurſe of that deteſted Imp, Deſpotiſm. I next addreſſed myſelf to PRUDENCE—and earneſtly beſought her to plead my cauſe to the miniſters; to urge the diſtreſſes of the lower order, and my fears leſt ſo diſtreſt they ſhould forget their obedience. For the prophet Iſaiah had informed me "that it ſhall come to paſs, that when the People ſhall be hungry, they ſhall fret themſelves and curſe the King." The grave matron heard me—and ſhaking her head learnedly replied," Quos Deus vult perdere, dementat." Again I beſought her to ſpeak to the rich men of the nation, concerning miniſters of whom it might ſoon become illegal even to complain—of long and ruinous wars—and whether *they* muſt not bear the damage. All this (quoth PRUDENCE) I have repeatedly urged; but a ſly Impoſtor has uſurped my name, and ſtruck ſuch a panic of Property, as hath ſteeled the heart of the wealthy and palſied their intellects. Laſtly, I applied to CONSCIENCE. She informed me, that ſhe was indeed a perfect ventriloquiſt and could throw her voice into any place ſhe liked; but that

ſhe

ſhe was ſeldom attended to, unleſs when ſhe appeared to ſpeak *out of the Pocket*.

Thus baffled and friendleſs, I was about to depart, and ſtood a fearful lingerer on the Iſle, which I had ſo dearly loved—when tidings were brought me of *your* approach. I found myſelf impelled by a power ſuperior to me to build my laſt hopes on you.—Liberty, the MOTHER of PLENTY, calls Famine to her aid. O FAMINE, moſt eloquent Goddeſs! plead thou my cauſe. I meantime will pray fervently that Heaven may unſeal the ears of its vicegerents, ſo that they may liſten to your firſt pleadings, while yet your voice is faint and diſtant, and your counſels peaceable.—

I remain

Your diſtreſt Suppliant,

Dover Cliffs. LIBERTY.

Introductory Address.

Αει γαρ της Ελευθεριας εφιεμαι· πολλα δε εν και τοις φιλελευθεροις μισητα, αντελευθερα.

INTRODUCTORY

ADDRESS.

WHEN the Wind is fair and the Planks of the Veſſel ſound, we may ſafely truſt every thing to the management of profeſſional Mariners: in a Tempeſt and on board a crazy Bark, all muſt contribute their Quota of Exertion. The Stripling is not exempted from it by his Youth, nor the Paſſenger by his Inexperience. Even ſo, in the preſent agitations of the public mind, every one ought to conſider his intellectual faculties as in a ſtate of immediate requiſition. All may benefit Society in ſome degree. The exigences of the Times do not permit us to ſtay for the matureſt years, leſt the opportunity be loſt, while we are waiting for an increaſe of power.

Companies reſembling the preſent will, from a variety of circumſtances, conſiſt *chiefly* of the zealous Advocates for Freedom. It will therefore be our endeavour, not ſo much to excite the torpid, as to regulate the feelings of the ardent: and above all, to evince the neceſſity of *bottoming* on fixed Principles, that ſo we may not be the unſtable Patriots of Paſſion or Accident, nor hurried away by names of which we have not ſifted the meaning, and by tenets of which we have not examined the conſequences. The Times are trying; and in order to be prepared againſt their difficulties, we ſhould have acquired a prompt facility of adverting in all our doubts to ſome grand and comprehenſive Truth. In a deep and ſtrong Soil muſt that Tree fix its Roots, the height of which, is to " reach to Heaven, and the Sight of it to the ends of all the Earth."

The Example of France is indeed a " Warning to Britain." A Nation wading to their Rights through Blood, and marking the track of Freedom by Devaſtation! Yet let us not embattle our Feelings againſt our Reaſon. Let us not indulge our malignant Paſſions under the maſk of Humanity. Inſtead of railing with infuriate declamation againſt

againſt theſe exceſſes, we ſhall be more profitably employed in developing the ſources of them. French Freedom is the Beacon, which while it guides to Equality, ſhould ſhew us the Dangers that throng the road.

The Annals of the French Revolution have recorded in Letters of Blood, that the Knowledge of the Few cannot counteract the Ignorance of the Many; that the Light of Philoſophy, when it is confined to a ſmall Minority, points out the Poſſeſſors as the Victims, rather than the Illuminators, of the Multitude. The Patriots of France either haſtened into the dangerous and gigantic Error of making certain Evil the means of contingent Good, or were ſacrificed by the Mob, with whoſe prejudices and ferocity their unbending Virtue forbade them to aſſimilate. Like Sampſon, the People were ſtrong—like Sampſon, the People were blind. Thoſe two maſſy Pillars of Oppreſſion's Temple, Monarchy and Ariſtocracy,

With horrible Convulſion to and fro
They tugg'd, they ſhook—till down they came and drew
The whole Roof after them with burſt of Thunder
Upon the heads of all who ſat beneath,
Lords, Ladies, Captains, Counſellors, and Prieſts,
Their choice Nobility!

MILTON. SAM. AGON.

There was not a Tyrant in Europe, who did not tremble on his Throne. Freedom herſelf heard the Craſh aghaſt!—

The Girondiſts, who were the firſt republicans in power, were men of enlarged views and great literary attainments; but they ſeem to have been deficient in that vigour and daring activity, which circumſtances made neceſſary. Men of genius are rarely either prompt in action or conſiſtent in general conduct: their early habits have been thoſe of contemplative indolence; and the day-dreams, with which they have been accuſtomed to amuſe their ſolitude, adapt them for ſplendid ſpeculation, not temperate and practicable counſels. Briſſot, the leader of the Gironde party, is entitled to the character of a virtuous man, and an eloquent ſpeaker; but he was rather a ſublime viſionary, than a quick-eyed politician; and his excellences equally with his faults rendered him unfit for the helm, in the ſtormy hour of Revolution. Robeſpierre, who diſplaced him, poſſeſſed a glowing ardor that ſtill remembered the *end*, and a cool ferocity that never either overlooked, or ſcrupled, the *means*. What that *end* was, is not known: that it was a wicked one, has by no means

means been proved. I rather think, that the diſtant proſpect, to which he was travelling, appeared to him grand and beautiful; but that he fixed his eye on it with ſuch intenſe eagerneſs as to neglect the foulneſs of the road. If however his firſt intentions were pure, his ſubſequent enormities yield us a melancholy proof, that it is not the character of the poſſeſſor which directs the power, but the power which ſhapes and depraves the character of the poſſeſſor. In Robeſpierre, its influence was aſſiſted by the properties of his diſpoſition.—Enthuſiaſm, even in the gentleſt temper, will frequently generate ſenſations of an unkindly order. If we clearly perceive any one thing to be of vaſt and infinite importance to ourſelves and all mankind, our firſt feelings impel us to turn with angry contempt from thoſe, who doubt and oppoſe it. The ardor of undiſciplined benevolence ſeduces us into malignity: and whenever our hearts are warm, and our objects great and excellent, intolerance is the ſin that does moſt eaſily beſet us. But this enthuſiaſm in Robeſpierre was blended with gloom, and ſuſpiciouſneſs, and inordinate vanity. His dark imagination was ſtill brooding over ſuppoſed plots againſt freedom—to prevent tyranny he became a Tyrant—

Tyrant—and having realized the evils which he ſuſpected, a wild and dreadful Tyrant.—Thoſe loud-tongued adulators, the mob, overpowered the lone-whiſpered denunciations of conſcience—he deſpotized in all the pomp of Patriotiſm, and maſqueraded on the bloody ſtage of Revolution, a Caligula with the cap of Liberty on his head.

It has been affirmed, and I believe with truth, that the ſyſtem of Terroriſm by ſuſpending the ſtruggles of contrariant Factions communicated an energy to the operations of the Republic, which had been hitherto unknown, and without which it could not have been preſerved. The ſyſtem depended for its exiſtence on the general ſenſe of its neceſſity, and when it had anſwered its end, it was ſoon deſtroyed by the ſame power that had given it birth—popular opinion. It muſt not however be diſguiſed, that at *all* times, but more eſpecially when the public feelings are wavy and tumultuous, artful Demagogues may create this opinion: and they, who are inclined to tolerate evil as the means of contingent good, ſhould reflect, that if the exceſſes of terroriſm gave to the Republic that efficiency and *repulſive* force which

which its circumſtances made neceſſary, they likewiſe afforded to the hoſtile Courts the moſt powerful ſupport, and excited that indignation and horror, which every where precipitated the ſubject into the deſigns of the ruler. Nor let it be forgotten, that theſe exceſſes perpetuated the war in La Vendee and made it more terrible, both by the acceſſion of numerous partizans, who had fled from the perſecution of Robeſpierre, and by inſpiring the Chouans with freſh fury, and an unſubmitting ſpirit of revenge and deſperation.

Revolutions are ſudden to the unthinking only. Political Diſturbances happen not without their warning Harbingers. Strange Rumblings and confuſed Noiſes ſtill precede theſe earthquakes and hurricanes of the moral World. The proceſs of Revolution in France has been dreadful, and ſhould incite us to examine with an anxious eye the motives and manners of thoſe, whoſe conduct and opinions ſeem calculated to forward a ſimilar event in our own country. The oppoſitioniſts to "things as they are," are divided into many and different claſſes. To delineate them with an unflattering accuracy may be a delicate, but it is

a neceſſary Taſk, in order that we may enlighten, or at leaſt beware of, the miſguided Men who have enliſted under the banners of Liberty, from no principles or with bad ones: whether they be thoſe, who

admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other:

or whether thoſe,

Whoſe end is private Hate, not help to Freedom,
Adverſe and turbulent when ſhe would lead
To Virtue.

The majority of Democrats appear to me to have attained that portion of knowledge in politics, which Infidels poſſeſs in religion. I would by no means be ſuppoſed to imply, that the objections of both are equally unfounded, but that they both attribute to the ſyſtem which they reject, all the evils exiſting under it; and that both contemplating truth and juſtice "in the nakedneſs of abſtraction," condemn conſtitutions and diſpenſations without having ſufficiently examined the natures, circumſtances, and capacities of their recipients.

The firſt Claſs among the profeſſed Friends of Liberty is compoſed of Men, who unaccuſtomed

to

to the labour of thorough inveſtigation, and not particularly oppreſſed by the Burthen of State, are yet impelled by their feelings to diſapprove of its groſſer depravities, and prepared to give an indolent Vote in favour of Reform. Their ſenſibilities unbraced by the co-operation of fixed Principles, they offer no ſacrifices to the divinity of active Virtue. Their political Opinions depend with weather-cock uncertainty on the winds of rumour, that blow from France. On the report of French victories they blaze into Republicaniſm, at a tale of French exceſſes they darken into Ariſtocrats; and ſeek for ſhelter among thoſe deſpicable adherents to fraud and tyranny, who ironically ſtyle themſelves Conſtitutionaliſts.—Theſe *dough-baked Patriots* are not however uſeleſs. This oſcillation of political opinion will retard the day of Revolution, and it will operate as a preventive to its exceſſes. Indeciſiveneſs of character, though the effect of timidity, is almoſt always aſſociated with benevolence.

Wilder features characterize the ſecond claſs. Sufficiently poſſeſſed of natural ſenſe to deſpiſe the Prieſt, and of natural feeling to hate the Oppreſſor, they liſten only to the inflammatory

harangues of ſome mad-headed Enthuſiaſt, and imbibe from them Poiſon, not Food; Rage, not Liberty. Unillumined by Philoſophy, and ſtimulated to a luſt of revenge by aggravated wrongs, they would make the Altar of Freedom ſtream with blood, while the graſs grew in the deſolated halls of Juſtice. Theſe men are the rude materials from which a deteſtable Miniſter manufactures conſpiracies. Among theſe men he ſends a brood of ſly political monſters, in the character of ſanguinary Demagogues, and like Satan of old, "the Tempter ere the Accuſer," enſnares a few into Treaſon, that he may alarm the whole into Slavery. He, who has dark purpoſes to ſerve, muſt uſe dark means—light would diſcover, reaſon would expoſe him: he muſt endeavour to ſhut out both—or if this prove impracticable, make them appear frightful by giving them frightful names: for farther than Names the Vulgar enquire not. Religion and Reaſon are but poor ſubſtitutes for "Church and Conſtitution;" and the ſable-veſted Inſtigators of the Birmingham riots well knew, that a Syllogiſm could not diſarm a drunken Incendiary of his Firebrand, or a Demonſtration *helmet* a Philoſpher's head againſt a Brickbat. But in the principles, which this

Apoſtate

Apoſtate has, by his emiſſaries, ſown among a few blind zealots for Freedom, he has digged a pit into which he himſelf may perhaps be doomed to fall. We contemplate thoſe principles with horror. Yet they poſſeſs a kind of wild Juſtice well calculated to ſpread them among the groſly ignorant. To unenlightened minds, there are terrible charms in the idea of Retribution, however ſavagely it be inculcated. The Groans of the Oppreſſors make fearful yet pleaſant muſic to the ear of him, whoſe mind is darkneſs, and into whoſe ſoul the iron has entered.

This claſs, at preſent, is comparatively ſmall—Yet ſoon to form an overwhelming majority, unleſs great and immediate efforts are uſed to leſſen the intolerable grievances of our poorer brethren, and infuſe into their ſorely wounded hearts the healing qualities of knowledge. For can we wonder that men ſhould want humanity, who want all the circumſtances of life that humanize? Can we wonder that with the ignorance of Brutes they ſhould unite their ferocity? peace and comfort be with theſe! But let us ſhudder to hear from Men of diſſimilar opportunities ſentiments of ſimilar revengefulneſs. The purifying

alchemy of Education may tranſmute the fierceneſs of an ignorant man into virtuous energy—but what remedy ſhall we apply to him, whom Plenty has not ſoftened, whom Knowledge has not taught Benevolence? This is one among the many fatal effects which reſult from the want of fixed principles. Convinced that vice is error, we ſhall entertain ſentiments of Pity for the vicious, not of Indignation—and even with reſpect to that bad Man, to whom we have before alluded, altho' we are now groaning beneath the burthen of his miſconduct, we ſhall harbour no ſentiments of Revenge; but rather *condole* with him that his chaotic Iniquities have exhibited ſuch a complication of extravagance, inconſiſtency, and raſhneſs as may *alarm* him with apprehenſions of approaching lunacy!

There are a third claſs among the friends of Freedom, who poſſeſs not the wavering character of the firſt deſcription, nor the ferocity laſt delineated. They purſue the intereſts of Freedom ſteadily, but with narrow and ſelf-centering views: they anticipate with exultation the abolition of privileged orders, and of Acts that perſecute by excluſion from the right of citizenſhip.

ſhip. They are prepared to join in digging up the rubbiſh of mouldering Eſtabliſhments, and ſtripping off the tawdry pageantry of Governments. Whatever is above them they are moſt willing to drag down; but every propoſed alteration, that would elevate the ranks of our poorer brethren, they regard with ſuſpicious jealouſy, as the dreams of the viſionary; as if there were any thing in the ſuperiority of Lord to Gentleman, ſo mortifying in the barrier, ſo fatal to happineſs in the conſequences, as the more real diſtinction of maſter and ſervant, of rich man and of poor. Wherein am I made worſe by my ennobled neighbour? Do the childiſh titles of Ariſtocracy detract from my domeſtic comforts, or prevent my intellectual acquiſitions? But, thoſe inſtitutions of Society which ſhould condemn me to the neceſſity of twelve hours daily toil, would make my *ſoul* a ſlave, and ſink the *rational* being in the mere animal. It is a mockery of our fellow creatures' wrongs to call them equal in rights, when by the bitter compulſion of their wants we make them inferior to us in all that can ſoften the heart, or dignify the underſtanding. Let us not ſay that this is the work of time—that it is impracticable at preſent, unleſs

we

we each in our individual capacities do ſtrenuouſly and perſeveringly endeavour to diffuſe among our domeſtics thoſe comforts and that illumination which far beyond all political ordinances are the true equalizers of men.

We turn with pleaſure to the contemplation of that ſmall but glorious band, whom we may truly diſtinguiſh by the name of thinking and diſintereſted Patriots. Theſe are the men who have encouraged the ſympathetic paſſions till they have become irreſiſtible habits, and made their duty a neceſſary part of their ſelf-intereſt, by the long-continued cultivation of that moral taſte which derives our moſt exquiſite pleaſures from the contemplation of poſſible perfection, and proportionate pain from the perception of exiſting *depravation*. Accuſtomed to regard all the affairs of man as a proceſs, they never hurry and they never pauſe. Theirs is not that twilight of political knowledge which gives us juſt light enough to place one foot before the other; as they advance the ſcene ſtill opens upon them, and they preſs right onward with a vaſt and various landſcape of exiſtence around them. Calmneſs and energy mark all their actions. Convinced that vice originates

originates not in the man, but in the ſurrounding circumſtances; not in the heart, but in the underſtanding; he is hopeleſs concerning no one—to correct a vice or generate a virtuous conduct he pollutes not his hands with the ſcourge of coercion; but by endeavouring to alter the circumſtances would remove, or by ſtrengthening the intellect, diſarms, the temptation. The unhappy children of vice and folly, whoſe tempers are adverſe to their own happineſs as well as to the happineſs of others, will at times awaken a natural pang; but he looks forward with gladdened heart to that glorious period when Juſtice ſhall have eſtabliſhed the univerſal fraternity of Love. Theſe ſoul-ennobling views beſtow the virtues which they anticipate. He whoſe mind is habitually impreſt with them ſoars above the preſent ſtate of humanity, and may be juſtly ſaid to dwell in the preſence of the Moſt High.

——————————would the forms
Of ſervile cuſtom cramp the Patriot's power?
Would ſordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow him down
To tame purſuits, to Indolence and Fear?
Lo! he appeals to Nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the ſun's unwearied courſe,
The elements and ſeaſons—all declare

For

For what the Eternal Maker has ordain'd
The powers of Man: we feel within ourſelves
His energy divine: he tells the heart
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of Life and Being—to be great like him,
Beneficent and active.

AKENSIDE.

Such is Joſeph Gerald! Withering in the ſickly and tainted gales of a priſon, his healthful ſoul looks down from the citadel of his integrity on his impotent perſecutors. I ſaw him in the foul and naked room of a jail—his cheek was ſallow with confinement—his body was emaciated; yet his eye ſpoke the invincible purpoſes of his ſoul, and he ſtill ſounded with rapture the ſucceſſes of Freemen, forgetful of his own lingering martyrdom! Such too were the illuſtrious Triumvirate* whom as a Greek Poet expreſſes it, its not lawful for bad men even to praiſe. I will not ſay that I have abuſed your patience in thus indulging my feelings in ſtrains of unheard gratitude to thoſe who may ſeem to juſtify God in the creation of man. It is with pleaſure that I am permitted to recite a yet unpubliſhed tribute to

* MUIR, PALMER, and MARGAROT.

to their merit, the production of one who has ſacrificed all the energies of his heart and head, a ſplendid offering on the altar of Liberty.

TO THE EXILED PATRIOTS.

MARTYRS of FREEDOM—ye who firmly good
Stept forth the Champions in her glorious cauſe,
Ye who againſt Corruption nobly ſtood
For Juſtice, Liberty, and equal Laws.

Ye who have urg'd the cauſe of man ſo well,
Whilſt proud Oppreſſion's torrent ſwept along,
Ye who ſo firmly ſtood, ſo nobly fell,
Accept one ardent Briton's grateful ſong.

For ſhall Oppreſſion vainly think by Fear
To quench the fearleſs energy of mind?
And glorying in your fall, exult it here
As tho' no honeſt heart were left behind?

Thinks the proud Tyrant by the pliant law
The timid jury and the judge unjuſt,
To ſtrike the ſoul of Liberty with awe,
And ſcare the friends of freedom from their truſt?

As eaſy might the Deſpot's empty pride
The onward courſe of ruſhing ocean ſtay;
As eaſy might his jealous caution hide
From mortal eyes the orb of general day.

For like that general orb's eternal flame
Glows the mild force of Virtue's conſtant light;
Tho' clouded by Misfortune, ſtill the ſame,
For ever conſtant, and for ever bright.

Not till eternal chaos ſhall that light
Before Oppreſſion's fury fade away;
Not till the ſun himſelf be loſt in night;
Not till the frame of Nature ſhall decay.

Go then ſecure, in ſteady virtue go,
Nor heed the peril of the ſtormy ſeas,
Nor heed the felon's name, the outcaſt's woe;
Contempt and pain, and ſorrow and diſeaſe.

Tho' cankering cares corrode the ſinking frame,
Tho' ſickneſs rankle in the ſallow breaſt;
Tho' Death were quenching faſt the vital flame,
Think but for what ye ſuffer, and be bleſt.

So ſhall your great examples fire each ſoul,
So in each free-born breaſt for ever dwell,
Till Man ſhall riſe above the unjuſt controul,
Stand where ye ſtood, and triumph where ye fell.
Yes!

Yes! there are thoſe who have loved Freedom with wiſe ardor, and propagated its principles with unſhaken courage! For it was ordained at the foundation of the world, that there ſhould always remain Pure Ones and uncorrupt, who ſhould ſhine like Lights in Darkneſs, reconciling us to our own nature.

That general Illumination ſhould precede Revolution, is a truth as obvious, as that the Veſſel ſhould be cleanſed before we fill it with a pure Liquor. But the mode of diffuſing it is not diſcoverable with equal facility. We certainly ſhould never attempt to make Proſelytes by appeals to the *ſelfiſh* feelings—and conſequently, ſhould plead *for* the Oppreſſed, not *to* them. The Author of an eſſay on political Juſtice conſiders private Societies as the ſphere of real utility—that (each one illuminating thoſe immediately beneath him,) Truth by a gradual deſcent may at laſt reach the loweſt order. But this is rather plauſible than juſt or practicable. Society as at preſent conſtituted does not reſemble a chain that aſcends in a continuity of Links.—There are three ranks poſſeſſing an intercourſe with each other: theſe are well comprized in the ſuper-

ſcription of a Perfumer's advertiſement, which I lately ſaw—" the Nobility, Gentry, and People of Dreſs." But alas! between the Parlour and the Kitchen, the Tap and the Coffee-Room—there is a gulph that may not be paſſed. He would appear to me to have adopted the beſt as well as the moſt benevolent mode of diffuſing Truth, who uniting the zeal of the Methodiſt with the views of the Philoſopher, ſhould be *perſonally* among the Poor, and teach them their *Duties* in order that he may render them ſuſceptible of their *Rights*.

Yet by what means can the lower Claſſes be made to learn their Duties, and urged to practiſe them? The human Race may perhaps poſſeſs the capability of all excellence; and Truth, I doubt not, is omnipotent to a mind already diſciplined for its reception; but aſſuredly the over-worked Labourer, ſkulking into an Ale-houſe, is not likely to exemplify the one, or prove the other. In that barbarous tumult of inimical Intereſts, which the preſent ſtate of Society exhibits, *Religion* appears to offer the only means univerſally *efficient*. The perfectneſs of future Men is indeed a benevolent tenet, and may operate

operate on a few Viſionaries, whoſe ſtudious habits ſupply them with employment, and ſeclude them from temptation. But a diſtant proſpect, which we are never to reach, will ſeldom quicken our footſteps, however lovely it may appear; and a Bleſſing, which not ourſelves but *poſterity* are deſtined to enjoy, will ſcarcely influence the actions of *any*—ſtill leſs of the ignorant, the prejudiced, and the ſelfiſh.

"Go, preach the Gospel to the Poor." By its Simplicity it will meet their comprehenſion, by its Benevolence ſoften their affections, by its Precepts it will direct their conduct, by the vaſtneſs of its Motives enſure their obedience. The ſituation of the Poor is perilous: they are indeed both

"from within and from without
Unarm'd to all Temptations."

Prudential reaſonings will in general be powerleſs with them. For the incitements of this world are weak in proportion as we are wretched—

The World is not *my* Friend, nor the World's Law.
The World has got no Law to make *me* rich.

They too, who live *from Hand to Mouth*, will moſt frequently become improvident. Poſſeſſing no

ſtock

ſtock of happineſs they eagerly ſeize the gratifications of the moment, and ſnatch the froth from the wave as it paſſes by them. Nor is the deſolate ſtate of their families a reſtraining motive, unſoftened as they are by education, and benumbed into ſelfiſhneſs by the torpedo touch of extreme Want. Domeſtic affections depend on aſſociation. We love an object if, as often as we ſee or recollect it, an agreeable ſenſation ariſes in our minds. But alas! how ſhould *he* glow with the charities of Father and Huſband, who gaining ſcarcely more, than his own neceſſities demand, muſt have been accuſtomed to regard his wife and children, not as the Soothers of finiſhed labour, but as Rivals for the inſufficient meal! In a man ſo circumſtanced the Tyranny of the *Preſent* can be overpowered only by the tenfold mightineſs of the *Future*. Religion will cheer his gloom with her promiſes, and by habituating his mind to anticipate an infinitely great Revolution hereafter, may prepare it even for the ſudden reception of a leſs degree of amelioration in this World.

But if we hope to inſtruct others, we ſhould familiarize our own minds to ſome fixed and determinate principles of action. The World is

a vaſt labyrinth, in which almoſt every one is running a different way, and almoſt every one manifeſting hatred to thoſe who do not run the ſame way. A few indeed ſtand motionleſs, and not ſeeking to lead themſelves or others out of the maze laugh at the failures of their brethren. Yet with little reaſon: for more groſsly than the moſt bewildered wanderer does *he* err, who never aims to go right. It is more honourable to the Head, as well as to the Heart, to be miſled by our eagerneſs in the purſuit of Truth, than to be ſafe from blundering by contempt of it. The happineſs of Mankind is the *end* of Virtue, and Truth is the Knowledge of the *means*; which he will never ſeriouſly attempt to diſcover, who has not habitually intereſted himſelf in the welfare of others. The ſearcher after Truth muſt love and be beloved; for general Benevolence is a neceſſary motive to conſtancy of purſuit; and this general Benevolence is begotten and rendered permanent by ſocial and domeſtic affections. Let us beware of that proud Philoſophy, which affects to inculcate Philanthropy while it denounces every home-born feeling, by which it is produced and nurtured. The paternal and filial duties diſcipline the Heart and prepare it for the love of all Mankind.

Mankind. The intenſity of private attachments encourages, not prevents, univerſal Benevolence. The nearer we approach to the Sun, the more intenſe his heat: yet what corner of the ſyſtem does he not cheer and vivify?

The Man who would find Truth, muſt likewiſe ſeek it with an humble and ſimple Heart, otherwiſe he will be precipitant and overlook it; or he will be prejudiced, and refuſe to ſee it. *To emancipate itſelf from the Tyranny of Aſſociation*, is the moſt arduous effort of the mind, particularly in Religious and Political diſquiſitions. The aſſerters of the ſyſtem has aſſociated with it the preſervation of Order, and public Virtue; the oppugner Impoſture, and Wars, and Rapine. Hence, when they diſpute, each trembles at the *conſequences* of the other's opinions inſtead of attending to his train of arguments. Of this however we may be certain, whether we be Chriſtians or Infidels, Ariſtocrats or Republicans, that our minds are in a ſtate unſuſceptible of Knowledge, when we feel an eagerneſs to detect the Falſehood of an Adverſary's reaſonings, not a ſincere wiſh to diſcover if there be Truth in them;—when we examine an argument in order that we may anſwer it, inſtead of anſwering becauſe we have examined it.

Our opponents are chiefly ſucceſsful in confuting the Theory of Freedom by the practices of its Advocates: from our lives they draw the moſt forcible arguments againſt our doctrines. Nor have they adopted an unfair mode of reaſoning. In a Science the evidence ſuffers neither diminution or increaſe from the actions of its profeſſors; but the comparative wiſdom of political ſyſtems depends neceſſarily on the manners and capacities of the recipients. Why ſhould all things be thrown into confuſion to acquire that liberty which a faction of ſenſualiſts and gamblers will neither be able or willing to preſerve? "The ſimplicity of wants and of pleaſures may be taken as the criterion of Patriotiſm. Would you prove to me your Patriotiſm? Let me penetrate into the interior of your Houſe. What! I ſee your antichamber full of inſolent Lackies; they give you ſtill thoſe vain Titles, which Liberty treads under foot, and you ſuffer it and you call yourſelf a Patriot! I penetrate a little further;—your Cielings are gilded—magnificent Vaſes adorn your Chimney-Pieces—I walk upon the richeſt Carpets—the moſt coſtly Wines, the moſt exquiſite Diſhes, cover your Table—a crowd of Servants ſurround it—you treat them with haughtineſs;—No! you are not

a Patriot. The moſt conſummate pride reigns in your heart, the pride of Birth, of Riches, and of Talents. With this triple pride, a man never ſincerely believes the doctrine of Equality: he may repeat its dogmas, but efficient Faith is not in him." *Preface to Briſſot's Travels in America.*

You reply to Briſſot, that theſe luxuries are the employment of induſtry, and the beſt means of circulating your property. Be it ſo. Renounce then the proud pretenſions of democracy; do not profeſs Tenets which it is impoſſible for you ſurrounded by all the ſymbols of ſuperiority to wiſh realized. But you plead, it ſeems, for equalization of *Rights*, not of *Condition*. O mockery! All that can delight the poor man's ſenſes or ſtrengthen his underſtanding, you preclude; yet with generous condeſcenſion you would bid him exclaim "LIBERTY and EQUALITY!" becauſe, forſooth, he ſhould poſſeſs the ſame *Right* to an Hovel which you claim to a Palace. This the Laws have already given. And what more do *you* promiſe?

A ſyſtem of fundamental Reform will ſcarcely be effected by maſſacres mechanized into Revolution. Yet rejected intreaty leads in its conſequences to fierce coercion. And much as we deprecate

deprecate the event, we have reaſon to conjecture that throughout all Europe it may not be far diſtant. The folly of the rulers of mankind grows daily more wild and ruinous: Oppreſſion is grievous—the oppreſſed feel and are reſtleſs. Such things *may* happen. We cannot therefore inculcate on the minds of each other too often or with too great earneſtneſs the neceſſity of cultivating benevolent affections. We ſhould be cautious how we indulge the feelings even of virtuous indignation. Indignation is the handſome brother of Anger and Hatred. The Temple of Deſpotiſm, like that of Teſcalipoca, the Mexican Deity, is built of human ſkulls, and cemented with human blood;—let us beware that we be not tranſported into revenge while we are levelling the loathſome Pile; leſt when we erect the edifice of Freedom we but vary the ſtile of Architecture, not change the materials. Let us not wantonly offend even the prejudices of our weaker brethren, nor by ill-timed and vehement declarations of opinion excite in them malignant feelings towards us. The energies of mind are waſted in theſe intemperate effuſions. Thoſe materials of projectile force, which now careleſsly ſcattered explode with an offenſive and uſeleſs noiſe, directed by wiſdom and

union might heave Rocks from their baſe,—or perhaps (diſmiſſing the metaphor) might produce the deſired effect without the convulſion.

For this "ſubdued ſobriety" of temper a practical faith in the doctrine of philoſophical neceſſity ſeems the only preparative. That vice is the effect of error and the offspring of ſurrounding circumſtances, the object therefore of condolence not of anger, is a propoſition eaſily underſtood, and as eaſily demonſtrated. But to make it ſpread from the underſtanding to the affections, to call it into action, not only in the great exertions of Patriotiſm, but in the daily and hourly occurrences of ſocial life, requires the moſt watchful attentions of the moſt energetic mind. It is not enough that we have once ſwallowed theſe Truths—we muſt feed on them, as inſects on a leaf, till the whole heart be coloured by their qualities, and ſhew its food in every the minuteſt fibre.

Finally, in the Words of an Apoſtle,

Watch ye! Stand faſt in the principles of which ye have been convinced! Quit yourſelves like Men! Be ſtrong! Yet let all things be done in the ſpirit of Love.

February, 1795.

On the present War.

Bellum infandum ominibuſque negatam
Moviſti, funeſte, aciem—
—— te ſeries orbarum exciſa domorum
Planctibus aſſiduis, te diro horrore volantes
Mille et mille animæ circum noctesque dieſque
Adſilient.
Te merito : aſt horum miſeret, quos ſanguine viles
Conjugibus natiſque infanda ad prælia raptos
Projicis excidio, *bone* *** ! — Stat. Theb.
Lib. 2.

ON

THE

PRESENT WAR.

IN the diſcloſal of Opinion, it is our duty to conſider the character of thoſe, to whom we addreſs ourſelves, their ſituations, and probable degree of knowledge. We ſhould be bold in the avowal of *political* Truth among thoſe only whoſe minds are ſuſceptible of reaſoning: and never to the multitude, who ignorant and needy muſt neceſſarily act from the impulſe of inflamed Paſſions. But however carefully the Advocate of Freedom may preſerve this diſtinction, the Child of Prejudice and the Slave of Corruption will induſtriouſly repreſent it as confounded: whatever may be the ſentiments and language of the preſent Addreſs, the *attempt* to promote Diſcuſſion will be regarded as dangerous, and from

fools

fools and from bigots I ſhall be honoured with much complimentary Reviling, and many panegyrical Abuſes. But the Conduct of the ſpeaker is determined chiefly by the nature of his Audience. He therefore, who ſhall proclaim me *ſeditious* becauſe I ſpeak "againſt wickedneſs in high places," muſt prove the majority of my hearers to be unenlightened, and therefore eaſily deluded—or Men of deſperate fortunes, and therefore eager for the *Scramble* of a Revolution.

In private life well-informed Men are generally found the moſt quiet and friendly Neighbours; but in the Dictionary of ariſtocratic Prejudice, Illumination and Sedition are claſſed as ſynonimes, and Ignorance preſcribed as the only infallible Preventive for Contention. It has been my lot to have had many fierce ARISTOCRATS obtruded on my notice. Their modes of Education and the peculiar direction of their immediate Intereſts have in general acted upon them with ſuch blended Intereſt, that it was difficult or impoſſible either to impeach their Sincerity or praiſe their Honeſty. Suſceptibility of Truth depends on the temper of our Hearts more than even on the ſtrength of our Uuderſtandings. The mind is

predispoſed by its ſituations: and when the prejudices of a man are ſtrong, the moſt over-powering Evidence becomes weak. He "meets with darkneſs in the day-time, and gropes in the noon-day as in night." Some unmeaning Term generally becomes the Watch-word, and acquires almoſt a mechanical power over his frame. The indiſtinctneſs of the Ideas aſſociated with it increaſes its effect, as "objects look gigantic thro' a miſt." The favorite phraſes of the preſent Day are—"It may be very well in *Theory*"—and the "effects of Jacobine Principles." Aided by the one and alarmed by the other, the ſhuddering Bigot flings the door of Argument in your face, and excludes all Parley by gloomy anticipation of the *conſequences*. There are however of this Claſs, who boldly provoke Diſcuſſion, but finding themſelves unable to keep the field, are enraged where they ſhould have been convinced, and probably *inform* againſt their Opponent. High-ſpirited Diſputants! they firſt challenge you to box with them, and then call in the Conſtable. In all public meetings theſe Men ſignalize themſelves. Argument they anſwer by inarticulate Noiſes, and their zeal for the Conſtitution they manifeſt by *breaking the Peace*. Certain to make a riot in their great ardor

to prevent one, and prepared to perſecute what they are determined not to hear, they wilfully blind themſelves to Truth, and like angry Cowards ſhut their Eyes as they ſtrike the Blow.

> But how can Truth or Virtue guide the Head
> Where Love of Freedom from the Heart is fled?
> Can leſſer Wheels repeat their native Stroke
> When the prime function of the Soul is broke?

Regardleſs of theſe Men I ſhall endeavor to preſerve "the Unity of Truth in the Bond of Peace."

Yet deem not that theſe diſquiſitions are pleaſant to me. He, who wanders in the maze of POLITICAL ENQUIRY, muſt tread over Corſes, and at every ſtep detect ſome dark Conſpirator againſt human happineſs, or ſtartle at the fierce viſage of ſome imperial Murderer. Every ungentle feeling will be excited in his boſom, and now he will ſhiver with horror, and now glow with indignation, and now ſicken with contempt. I delight not to paint Wickedneſs or Miſery and if I followed Impulſe rather than Duty ſhould abandon myſelf to thoſe Purſuits

> That heighten to the youthful Poet's Eye
> The Bloom of Nature, and before him place
> The gayeſt happieſt Attitude of Things.

But my reaſon confirms the regulation of the Athenian Lawgiver, which ordained, that it ſhould be infamous for a Man, who had reached the years of diſcretion, not to have formed an opinion concerning the ſtate of affairs in his country, and treaſonable, having formed one, not to propagate it by every legal mean in his power. This Duty we ſhould exert at all times, but with peculiar ardor in ſeaſons of public Calamity, when there exiſts an Evil of ſuch incalculable magnitude as the PRESENT WAR. Of its peculiar crimes and diſtreſſes we ſhall endeavor to give a comprehenſive view, that each of us may proportion his energies to the vaſtneſs of the general evil, not to the weight of his individual grievances. But its total Cauſeleſſneſs muſt be proved:—as if the War had been juſt and neceſſary, it might be thought diſputable whether any Calamities could juſtify our abandonment of it. On a ſubject ſo univerſally diſcuſſed it would be a vain endeavour to adduce any new argument. The War might probably have been prevented by Negociation: Negociation was never attempted. It cannot therefore be *proved* to have been a *neceſſary* war, and conſequently it is not a juſt one.

It has been repeatedly ſaid, that we could not honorably negociate with men ſo ſtained with atrocious guilt, ſo avowedly the enemies of Religion, as the popular Leaders in France. Admire, I pray you, the cautious Delicacy of our Government! that will profeſs itſelf the Ally of the Immaculate only—of the MERCIFUL Catharine, the HONEST King of Pruſſia, and that moſt CHRISTIAN Arch-pirate, the Dey of Algiers! It is a more plauſible objection, that the French poſſeſs no fixed Government; but this the War itſelf has diſproved. The Girondiſts began it, the Jacobins carried it on, and the Moderate Party are now proſecuting it with increaſed vigor:—a fact, which while it ſhews the ficklenes of their domeſtic Politics, demonſtrates the uniformity of their meaſures with regard to foreign Nations.—But the ground of argument has been lately changed, and the dangerous Tendency of French Politics aſſigned as a ſufficient reaſon for continuing the Conteſt. It has been aſſerted, that internal diſturbances are the evil to be prevented, even by external diſtreſſes—a tenet which depraves the ſuſpicious heart which adopts it, and realizes the event which it affects to prophecy. It was a favorite opinion with the unfortunate Charles, that

that it was more honorable for a King to have his realm almoſt deſtroyed, and its very exiſtence endangered by an Enemy, than to hazard the diminution of his prerogatives among his own Subjects. But the abſurdity as well as iniquity of thus oppoſing the diffuſion of popular principles by a foreign war, I ſhall not preſs on your recollection. If the People ever wiſh for a Revolution, this proneneſs to change muſt originate in the ſenſe of their wants and grievances: and it muſt be a notable Remedy which cures the Diſeaſe by doubling the Cauſes of it. O the wonderful Wiſdom of Miniſters, who would *cónjure* reſtleſsneſs into content by adding famine to poverty, and calamities abroad to oppreſſions at home!

French Principles are widely different from thoſe of the Britiſh Conſtitution: French Exceſſes are diſgraceful to Humanity: it is therefore impoſſible to treat with the French. But might not the American States refuſe to negociate with us on the ſame foundation? The principles induſtriouſly propagated by the friends of our Government are oppoſite to the American Conſtiution—and indeed to Liberty every where; and in order to form a juſt eſtimate of our exceſſes, let us recollect that prominent feature of the late War—*Scalping!*

What the wiſdom of Agur wiſhed, the inhabitants of Wyoming enjoyed—they had neither Riches or Poverty: their climate was ſoft and ſalubrious, and their fertile ſoil aſked of theſe bliſsful Settlers as much labor only for their ſuſtenance, as would have been otherwiſe convenient for their health. The Fiend, whoſe crime was Ambition, leapt over into this Paradiſe—Hell-hounds laid it waſte. *Engliſh* Generals invited the Indians "to banquet on blood:" the ſavage Indians headed by an Engliſhman attacked it. Univerſal maſſacre enſued. The Houſes were deſtroyed: the Corn Fields burnt: and where under the broad Maple trees innocent Children uſed to play at noontide, there the Drinkers of human Blood, and the Feaſters on human Fleſh were ſeen in horrid circles, counting their ſcalps and anticipating their gains. The Engliſh Court bought Scalps at a fixed price! SCALPING this *pious* Court deemed a fit puniſhment for the crimes of thoſe, whoſe only crime was, that being Men, and the deſcendants of Britons, they had refuſed to be Slaves. Unconditional Submiſſion was the only Terms offered to the Americans—and Death the immediate Menace. Our Brethren, (if indeed we may preſume to call ſo exalted a race *our* Brethren,)

Brethren,) indignantly rejected the terms, and reſolved to hazard the execution of the menace. For this the Horrors of European Warfare afforded not a ſufficient Puniſhment. Inventive in cruelty and undiſtinguiſhing in maſſacre, Savages muſt be hired againſt them: human Tygers muſt be called from their woods, their attacks regulated by Diſcipline, and their Ferocity increaſed by Intoxication. But did not this employment of mercileſs Scalpers rouſe the indignation of Britons? Did not they avert public Ignominy by public Vengeance? The Hand, that ſubſcribed theſe helliſh orders, ſhould have been withered; the Voice, that propoſed them, ſhould have been echoed only by the arches of a Dungeon! Alas! the Nation ſlept—and the Sleep of Nations is followed by their Slavery. But perhaps this foul Iniquity was preſerved among the ſecrets of the Cabinet?—No! the fact was publicly known: the Sun of Enquiry ſhone full and fierce upon it, and the Blood of the Innocent was ſteaming up to Heaven! Yet during the whole war the Savages were regularly employed—and the Miniſtry, who authorized it, were not even removed. Such were our hideous exceſſes during that holy Rebellion:—yet who among the Americans conſidered them as precluding

precluding a treaty of Peace? Nor has their averſion from War been leſs exemplary ſince the Revolution. Lord Dorcheſter had rouſed the War-whoop among the Savages: inſtigated by his Agents the mercileſs Tribes poured in on the back ſettlements; and the Algerines were incited againſt their Commerce. The conduct of the Engliſh was every where inſolent, and through all the Union deteſted. The lower claſſes of the People cried aloud for War. But the Legiſlature well knew, that the evils even of a *juſt* war were not to be calculated, and that no war could be juſt, unleſs it had been preceded by *ſincere* negociations for the permanence of Peace. They knew the Engliſh Nation to be practical Atheiſts, profeſſing to believe a God, yet acting as if there were none. In Europe the ſmoaking Villages of Flanders, and the putrified Fields of La Vendee—from Africa the unnumbered Victims of a deteſtable Slave-trade—in Aſia the deſolated plains of Indoſtan and the Million whom a rice-contracting Governor cauſed to periſh—in America the recent enormities of their Scalp-Merchants—the four Quarters of the Globe groan beneath the intolerable iniquity of this nation! Yet theſe high-minded Republicans did not refuſe to negociate with us.

They

They thought it criminal folly to make themſelves miſerable becauſe their Enemies were wicked.—But a lying Spirit hath deſcended upon us, " which hath made the heart of this People fat and ſhut their eyes"—and " therefore Hell hath enlarged itſelf and opened her mouth without meaſure."

We will now take a rapid ſurvey of the conſequences of this unjuſt becauſe unneceſſary War. I mean not to deſcribe the diſtreſsful ſtagnation of Trade and Commerce: I direct not your attention to the wretches that ſadden every ſtreet in this City, the pale and meagre Troop, who in the bitterneſs of reluctant Pride, are forced to beg the Morſel, for which they would be willing to " work their fingers to the bone" in honeſt Induſtry: I will not frighten you by relating the diſtreſſes of that brave Army, which has been melted away on the Continent, nor picture to your imaginations the loathſome peſtilence that has mocked our Victories in the Weſt-Indies: I bid you not hear the ſcreams of the deluded Citizens of Toulon—I will not preſs on your recollection the awful Truth, that in the courſe of this calamitous Conteſt more than a Million of

men have perifhed—a * MILLION of men, of each one of whom the mangled corfe terrifies the dreams of her that loved him, and makes fome mother, fome fifter, fome widow ftart from flumber with a fhriek! Thefe arguments have been urged even to fatiety—a Britifh Senator has fneeringly ftyled them mere *common-place* againft wars. I could weep for the criminal Patience of Humanity! Thefe arguments are *hacknied*; yet *Wars* continue!

Horrors, the fame in kind though perhaps not equal in degree, neceffarily attend all wars: it was my intention to detail thofe only that are peculiar to the prefent. And firft and leaft—the lofs of our National Character. At the commencement of the War the Government folemnly difclaimed all intervention in the internal affairs of France: not fix months paffed, ere with matchlefs infincerity the Reftitution of Monarchy became its avowed aim. This guilt however may perhaps reft on its firft authors, and fly unclaimed by the

* By the internal difturbances of France in La Vendee and other places, difturbances excited by Engliſh agents, and rendered obſtinate by our Miniſters' promiſes, more than *Three Hundred Thouſand* have been butchered.

the People, unleſs it ſhould be thought, that they, who permit, perpetrate. The depravation of private morals is a more ſerious and leſs tranſient evil. All our happineſs and the greater part of our virtues depend on ſocial confidence. This beautiful fabric of Love the ſyſtem of Spies and Informers has ſhaken to the very foundation. There have been multiplied among us "Men who carry tales to ſhed blood!" Men who reſemble the familiar Spirits deſcribed by Iſaiah, as "dark ones, that peep and that mutter!". Men, who may ſeem to have been typically ſhadowed out in the Frogs that formed the ſecond plague of Egypt: little low animals with chilly blood and ſtaring eyes, that "come up into our houſes and our bed-chambers!" Theſe men are plenteouſly ſcattered among us: our very looks are decyphered into diſaffection, and we cannot move without treading on ſome political ſpring-gun. Nor here has the evil ſtopped. We have breathed ſo long the atmoſphere of Impoſture and Panic, that many honeſt minds have caught an aguiſh diſorder; in their cold fits they ſhiver at Freedom, in their hot fits they turn ſavage againſt its advocates; and ſacrifice to party Rage what they would have ſcornfully refuſed to Corruption. Traitors to friendſhip,

that they may be faithful to the Conſtitution—Enemies of human nature, that they may prove themſelves the Adorers of the God of Peace—they hide from themſelves the ſenſe of their crime by the merit of their motive. Thus every man begins to ſuſpect his neighbour, the warm ebullience of our hearts is ſtagnating: and I dread, leſt by long ſtifling the expreſſions of Patriotiſm, we may at laſt loſe the Feeling. "Society is in every ſtate a bleſſing; Government even in its beſt ſtate but a neceſſary evil." We are ſubverting this Bleſſing in order to ſupport this Evil—or rather to ſupport the deſperate Quacks who are adminiſtering it with a Life-or-Death Temerity.

This cauſeleſs Panic prepared us to endure the further ſuſpenſion of the Habeas Corpus Act—endure it, after three ſucceſſive Verdicts of impartial Juries had proved, that a Conſpiracy againſt the Conſtitution had exiſted only in the foul imagination of the Accuſers. "In the firſt of theſe Trials, (Mr. Sheridan obſerves,) one Pike was produced, which was afterwards withdrawn from mere ſhame—a formidable Inſtrument was talked of, to be employed againſt the Cavalry:—it appeared upon evidence to be no other than

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a Te tohim in a window at Sheffield. Theſe deſperate Conſpirators, it appeared, had formed their incampment in a back-garret—their arſenal was provided with Nine ruſty muſkets—and the formidable preparation which was to overturn the Conſtitution was ſupported by an exchequer containing nine pounds and one bad ſhilling—*all* to be directed againſt the armed Force and eſtabliſhed Government of Great-Britain!—— Fellow Citizens! our laughter may be raiſed by the cauſe, but our indignation and ſorrow muſt be excited by the conſequences. Not one definite reaſon aſſigned, not one fact proved, we have been impelled by dark and terrifying Generalities to ſacrifice the perſonal Security of ourſelves and perhaps of our poſterity. The auguſt and lofty Tree, which while it roſe above the palace of the Monarch, ſheltered the diſtant dwelling of the Cottager, ſtripped of its boughs, now ſtands the melancholy memorial of conquered Freedom.—We can only water its roots with our tears, or look forward with anxious eye to the diſtant Springtide, when it ſhall branch forth anew!—We are no longer Freemen, and if we be more ſecure here than in Morocco or at Conſtantinople, we owe this ſuperiority to the mildneſs of our Maſters, not

to

to the protection of our Laws. It is an insult to tell us that we cannot suffer Death at the pleasure of a Minister, as is the case under arbitrary Governments—Suffer death! we can be torn from the bleeding breast of domestic affection—we can be thrown into foul and damp dungeons—we can hear of the death of a dearly loved Wife, heart-broken by our Imprisonment—till overpowered by disease and wounded sensibilities we sink into the Grave; or if we live, live only to wish in bitterness of Soul, that th' "Almighty had not placed his Canon 'gainst Self-murder." And what if the Habeas Corpus act be restored?—O degenerate People, and bloated with the emptiness of recollected Liberty! SYLLA may resign the Dictatorship—but alas! he will have given a tempting proof to CÆSAR, how much ye can endure.

Who is this Minister, to whom we have thus implicitly trusted every blessing? Are his Qualities commensurate with the giant evils, which he has occasioned? My mind may be jaundiced by my abhorrence of the man's actions—but whether Truth or Prejudice be the source of my failure I must acknowledge that having investigated attentively the Speeches and Measures of William Pitt,

I am as little able to diſcover Genius in the one, as Virtue in the other. I think of Edmund Burke's declamatory Invectives with emotion; yet while I ſhudder at the exceſſes, I muſt admire the ſtrength, of this Hercules Furens of Oratory. But our Premiers' Harangues!—Myſtery conceal-ing Meanneſs, as ſteam-clouds invelope a dunghill. To rouſe the fears of the Wealthy, and the preju-dices of the Ignorant is an eaſy taſk for one, who poſſeſſes the privilege of manufacturing Royal Eloquence and ſticking up Royal Hand-bills. But what Queſtion propoſed to him by his great political Adverſary has he ever directly anſwered? His ſpeeches, which ſeemed ſo ſwoln with mean-ing, alas! what did they mean? In the outſet of his political career he did indeed utter ſome ſentences which a man and a citizen might ac-knowledge—and that his preſent conduct might not loſe the advantages of contraſt, he ably ſupported Mr. Fox's Motion to facilitate a Peace with America. "*The War* (he ſaid) *was conceived in injuſtice and nurtured in folly: it was pregnant with every kind of miſchief, and with every thing that conſtituted moral depravity and human turpitude. While in black revenge it meditated the deſtruction of others, the miſchief recoiled upon the unhappy and deluded*

deluded people of this Country." William Pitt obſerved that, "*by this iniquitous and unjuſt War the Nation was drained of its vital reſources of Men and Money.*" William Pitt exclaimed that "*our expences were enormous, while our victories were indeciſive, and our defeats fatal—victories celebrated with ſhort-lived triumph over men ſtruggling in the holy cauſe of Freedom, and defeats which filled the Land with mourning.*" All this—O calumniated Judas Iſcariot! all this WILLIAM PITT ſaid!

In oppoſing the addreſs to his Majeſty on the ſpeech delivered from the Throne after the capture of Lord Cornwallis, William Pitt obſerved, that "*in the better days of Parliament the attempt to entrap the Houſe into a countenance of aſſertions wholly unexplained and unexamined, on the mere authority of a Miniſter, would have been treated with the indignation and ſeverity it deſerved.*"—"*The fact was* (he ſaid) *that the War was an appendage to the firſt Lord of the Treaſury, too dear to be parted with: it was the grand pillar raiſed on the ruins of the Conſtitution, by which he held his ſituation.*" This man, William Pitt, did not then know that he ſhould be a Miniſter compared with whom Lord North might be canonized: and that with

with unheard of artifices and oppreſſions that may not be named, he ſhould carry on a cauſeleſs War againſt a Patriot people, more fertile in horrors even than the American. The penetration of the great and good Dr. Jebb foreſaw his Apoſtacy—and he is ſaid to have been greatly agitated. "Eliſha ſettled his countenance ſtedfaſtly on Hazael, and the Man of God wept. And Hazael ſaid, Why weepeth my Lord? And he anſwered, becauſe I know the evil that thou wilt do! ſtrong holds wilt thou ſet on fire! and the young men wilt thou ſlay with the ſword! and becauſe of thee the Widow and the Orphan ſhall cry for bread. And Hazael ſaid—But what, is thy Servant a dog, that he ſhould do theſe things? Eliſha anſwered, The Lord hath ſhewed me, that *thou ſhalt be ruler over Syria.*"

If they, who mingled the cup of bitterneſs, drank its contents, we might look with a calm compaſſion on the wickedneſs of great Men. But alas! the ſtorm which they raiſe, falls heavieſt on the unprotected Innocent: and the Cottage of the poor Man is ſtripped of every Comfort, before the Oppreſſors, who ſend forth the mandate of Death, are amerced in one Luxury or one Vice. If a ſeries

of calamities ſucceed each, they deprecate the anger of Heaven by a FAST!—A word that implies, Prayers of Hate to the God of Love—and after theſe, a Turbot Feaſt for the rich, and their uſual ſcanty Morſel to the poor, if indeed debarred from their uſual labor they can procure even this. But if Victory be the event,

They o'er the ravag'd Earth,
As at an Altar wet with human Blood
And flaming with the Fires of Cities burnt,
Sing their mad Hymns of Triumph, Hymns to God
O'er the deſtruction of his gracious Works,
Hymns to the Father o'er his ſlaughter'd Sons!

It is recorded in the ſhuddering hearts of Chriſtians, that while Europe is reeking with Blood, and ſmoaking with unextinguiſhed Fires, in a conteſt of unexampled crimes and unexampled calamities, every Biſhop but one voted for the continuance of the War. They deemed the fate of their Religion to be involved in the conteſt!—Not the Religion of Peace, my Brethren, not the Religion of the meek and lowly Jeſus, which forbids to his Diſciples all alliance with the powers of this World—but the Religion of Mitres and Myſteries, the Religion of Pluralities and Perſecution,

ſecution, the Eighteen-Thouſand-Pound-a-Year Religion ‡ of Epiſcopacy. Inſtead of the Miniſters of the Goſpel, a Roman might recognize in theſe Dignitaries the High-prieſts of Mars—with this difference, that the Ancients fatted their Victims for the Altar, we prepare ours for ſacrifice by leanneſs. War ruins our Manufactures; the ruin of our Manufactures throws Thouſands out of employ; men cannot ſtarve: they muſt either pick

‡ Wherever Mens' temporal intereſts depend on the general belief of diſputed tenets, we muſt expect to find hypocriſy and a perſecuting Spirit, a jealouſy of inveſtigation, and an endeavor to hold the minds of the people in ſubmiſſive Ignorance. That pattern of Chriſtian meekneſs, Biſhop Horſley, has declared it to be the vice of the age and government that it has ſuffered a free and general inveſtigation of the moſt ſolemn Truths that regard Society—and there is a remark in the laſt charge of the diſintereſted Biſhop Prettyman, that the ſame buſy ſpirit which inclines men to be Unitarians in Religion, drive them into Republicaniſm in Politics. And truly, the moſt exalted Forms of Society are cemented and preſerved by the pureſt Notions of Religion. But whatever I may deem of the juſtice of their Lordſhip's obſervations, the prudence and policy of them have gained my immediate aſſent. Alas! what room would there be for Biſhops or for Prieſts in a Religion where Deity is the only object of Reverence, and our Immortality the only article of Faith—Immortality made probable to us by the Light of Nature, and proved to us by the Reſurrection of Jeſus. Him the High Prieſts crucified; but he has left us a Religion, which ſhall prove fatal to every HIGH PRIEST—a Religion, of which every true

pick their countrymen's Pockets—or cut the throats of their fellow-creatures, becauſe they are Jacobins. If they chuſe the latter, the chances are that their own lives are ſacrificed: if the former, they are hung or tranſported to Botany Bay. And here we cannot but admire the deep and comprehenſive Views of Miniſters, who having ſtarved the wretch into

Chriſtian is the Prieſt, his own Heart the Altar, the Univerſe its Temple, and Errors and Vices its only Sacrifices. Ride on, mighty Jeſus! becauſe of thy words of Truth, of Love, and EQUALITY! The age of Prieſthood will ſoon be no more—that of Philoſophers and of Chriſtians will ſucceed, and the torch of Superſtition be extinguiſhed for ever. Never, never more ſhall we behold that generous Loyalty to rank, which is prodigal of its own virtue and its own happineſs to inveſt a few with unholy Splendors;—that ſubordination of the Heart, which keeps alive the ſpirit of Servitude amid the empty forms of boaſted Liberty! This dear-bought Grace of Cathedrals, this coſtly defence of Deſpotiſm, this nurſe of grovelling ſentiment and cold-hearted Lip-worſhip, will be gone——it will be gone, that ſenſibility to Intereſt, that jealous tenacity of Honors, which ſuſpects in every argument a mortal wound; which inſpires Oppreſſion, while it prompts Servility;—which ſtains indelibly whatever it touches; and under which ſupple Dullneſs loſes half its ſhame by wearing a Mitre where reaſon would have placed a Fool's-Cap! The age of Prieſthood will be no more—Peace to its departing ſpirit! With delighted ears ſhould I liſten to ſome fierce Orator from St. Omers' or from Bedlam, who ſhould weep over its Pageantries rent and faded, and pour forth eloquent Nonſenſe in a funeral Oration.

into Vice ſend him to the barren ſhores of new Holland to be ſtarved back again into Virtue. It muſt ſurely charm the eye of humanity to behold Men reclaimed from ſtealing by being baniſhed to a Coaſt, where there is nothing to ſteal, and helpleſs Women, who had been

Bold from deſpair and proſtitute for Bread,

find motives to Reformation in the ſources of their Depravity, refined by Ignorance, and famine-bitten into Chaſtity. Yet even theſe poor unfortunates, theſe diſinherited ones of Happineſs, appear to me more eligibly ſituated than the wretched Soldier—becauſe more innocently! Father of Mercies! if we pluck a wing from the back of a Fly, not all the Miniſters and Monarchs in Europe can reſtore it—yet they dare to ſend forth their mandates for the Death of Thouſands, and if they ſucceed call the Maſſacre Victory. They with all that majeſtic ſerenity, which the ſenſe of perſonal ſafety fails not to inſpire, can "Ride in the whirlwind and direct the ſtorm," or rather like the gloomy Spirits in Opian, "ſit on their diſtant clouds and enjoy the Death of the Mariner."

In former wars the victims of Ambition had crowded to the ſtandard from the influence of national

tional Antipathies; but this powerful ſtimulant has been ſo unceaſingly applied, as to have well nigh produced an exhauſtion. What remains? Hunger. Over a recruiting place in this city I have ſeen pieces of Beef hung up to attract the half-famiſhed Mechanic. It has been ſaid, that GOVERNMENT, though not the beſt preceptor of Virtue, procures us ſecurity from the attack of the lower Orders.—Alas! why ſhould the lower Orders attack us, but becauſe they are brutalized by Ignorance and rendered deſperate by Want? And does Government remove this Ignorance by Education? And does not GOVERNMENT increaſe their want by Taxes?—Taxes rendered neceſſary by thoſe national aſſaſſinations called Wars, and by that worſt Corruption and Perjury, which a reverend Moraliſt has juſtified under the ſoft title of "ſecret Influence!" The poor Infant born in an Engliſh or Iriſh Hovel breathes indeed the air and partakes of the light of Heaven; but of its other Bounties he is diſinherited. The powers of Intellect are given him in vain: to make him work like a brute Beaſt he is kept as ignorant as a brute Beaſt. It is not poſſible that this deſpiſed and oppreſſed Man ſhould behold the rich and idle without malignant envy. And if in the bitter

cravings

cravings of Hunger the dark Tide of Paſſions ſhould ſwell, and the poor Wretch ruſh from deſpair into guilt, then the GOVERNMENT indeed aſſumes the right of Puniſhment though it had neglected the duty of Inſtruction, and hangs the victim for crimes, to which its own wide-waſting follies and its own moſt ſinful omiſſions had ſupplied the cauſe and the temptation. And yet how often have the fierce Bigots of Deſpotiſm told me, that the Poor are not to be pitied, however great their neceſſities: for if they be out of employ, the KING wants men!—They may be ſhipped off to the Slaughter-houſe abroad, if they wiſh to eſcape a Priſon at home!—Fools! to commit ROBBERIES, and get hung, when they might MURDER with impunity—yea, and have Sixpence a day into the bargain!

Bounties in truth are offered—great and unexampled Bounties—tho' not always as faithfully paid as magnificently promiſed. The price of Man-fleſh offered to the Britiſh Private has almoſt reached the ſum paid to the German Princes—"Death's prime Slave-merchants." And here we may properly deſcribe the method of raiſing and packing up the human Commodities in the German market.

market. Schiller, a German himſelf, (beneath the tremendous ſublimity of whoſe genius we have glowed and ſhuddered, while we peruſed the "Robbers,") in his tragedy of "Cabal and Love," repreſents a German Prince as having ſent a caſket of jewels to his concubine. On her enquiring what might be the price of the jewels, ſhe is told, they were bought with the money which the Prince had received from the Engliſh Government, for ſeven thouſand young Men ſent to America. "All by compulſion. No ſooner were they counted over and their names taken down, than Huzza for America! was the dreadful word all over the plain. The Trumpets were ordered immediately to be ſounded, and the Drums to be beaten, in order to drown the ſhrieks and cries of the young Men torn from their Parents at an inſtant's call!—Bride and Bridegroom parted by the pointed bayonet and drawn broad-ſword! Father and Child ſeparated by the inhuman threats and oaths of ſome ſavage Corporal. Juſt as they were out of the City they looked back, and with one voice exclaimed,—God bleſs you, Father! God bleſs you, Mother! at the Laſt Day we ſhall all meet again!"

But

But even theſe means have proved inſufficient; and the poor wretches, whom hunger had driven or artifice ſeduced into the deeds of death, have fallen ſo faſt, that Crimping has been found neceſſary. CRIMPING has been eſtabliſhed into a trade, and accompanied with ſuch an apparatus of horrors, as would arm MERCY with the thunderbolt. The Iriſh ‡ Regiment, recently landed at Pill near this City is a melancholy inſtance—By long confinement and by filth they have almoſt ceaſed to reſemble men. My Brethren! they who authorize or connive at ſuch enormities, retain ſtill leſs reſemblance!

Laſtly, in this inventory of guilt as the immediate and peculiar effect of the preſent War, and juſtly attributable to our Miniſtry, we muſt place the EXCESSES OF THE FRENCH, their maſſacres and blaſphemies, all their crimes and all their diſtreſſes. This effect the War produced by a two-fold operation of terror:—Firſt, on the people of France, ſecondly, on their Rulers.

‡ They who wiſh to mangle their feelings by peruſing the particulars of this complicated wickedneſs, are referred to a Pamphlet of William Bryant, who himſelf attended on, and medically relieved theſe diſfigured wretches.

Firſt, on the people of France. Inſtant death was threatened to all taken in arms;—beheading and confiſcation to the members of the departments, diſtricts, and municipalities; military execution to the members of the national aſſembly, magiſtrates, and all the inhabitants of Paris; and total deſtruction to that City. All places and towns ſhall incur the ſame puniſhments as thoſe inflicted on the inhabitants of Paris.—Such was Brunſwick's manifeſto. "The mode of civilized War will not be practiſed," ſays Burke. Our Government were projecting to *ſtarve* the whole nation, and many of our ſenators did not ſcruple to proclaim the war a war of *extermination*. If we by the ſhadow and mockery of unreal things have been alarmed into blind reliance on men the moſt weak and unprincipled, can we wonder that a nation, whoſe whole horizon was black with approaching tempeſts, ſhould be equally incautious! Hunted on all ſides, inſulted by unceaſing and brutal menaces, they felt the blended influence of terror and indignation—by the firſt they were impelled to become voluntary ſlaves to the bloody fanatics, whoſe wild energies ſeemed alone proportionate to the danger; by the latter their gentler feelings were ſuſpended, and the military

military ſpirit with all its virtues and all its vices ſeized at once a whole nation. In the truly prophetic words of Iſaiah—"They have trode the wine-preſs alone, and of the nations there was none with them. They looked and there was none to help; they WONDERED that there was none to uphold. Therefore their own arm brought ſalvation unto them, and their FURY, *it* upheld them."

Secondly, on their Leaders. They and their country were in the caſe of "extreme neceſſity,"—which, according to Archdeacon Paley, diſſolves the ordinary ties of morality. I mean not to imply approbation of ſuch ſyſtems of morals: but doubtleſs the Terroriſts at the commencement of their power knew that the general conſequences of their actions would be evil, but they thought the occaſion ſo vaſt and preſſing, as to make the particular good conſequences over-balance the general evil ones—eſpecially as thoſe actions could never be imitated in after times with any ſhew of reaſon, unleſs in the rage and tempeſt of ſome future Revolution.

Are

Are not the congregated clouds of War
Black all around us? In our very vitals
Works not the king-bred poiſon of rebellion?
Say, what ſhall counteract the ſelfiſh plottings
Of wretches, cold of heart, nor aw'd by fears
Of Him, whoſe power directs th' eternal juſtice?
Terror? or ſecret-ſapping gold? The firſt
Heavy, but tranſient as the ills that cauſe it,
And to the virtuous Patriot rendered light
By the neceſſities that gave it birth:
The other fouls the fount of the Republic
Making it flow polluted thro' all ages;
Inoculates the ſtate with a ſlow venom,
That once imbib'd muſt be continued ever!

† FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

Thus from the influence of the underſtanding they continued to do what the heart ſickened at; but a courſe of action, which the heart diſapproves, will vitiate the heart and make it callous: and when the heart is vitiated, the underſtanding will not long remain pure. But TERROR intoxicates more than ſtrong wine; with the which, who forcibly drenches another man, is the real cauſe and ſole reſponſible agent of all the exceſſes, which

† A Tragedy, of which the Firſt Act was written by S. T. Coleridge.

which in the hour of drunkenneſs he ſhall have committed. It was a truth eaſily diſcovered, a truth on which our Miniſter has proceeded, that valour and victory would not be the determiners of this War. *They* would prove finally ſucceſsful whoſe reſources enabled them to hold out the longeſt. The commerce of France was annihilated; her money'd-men were ſlow and cold from that ſelfiſhneſs, with which Mammon fails not to incruſt the heart of his votaries. Immenſe armies were to be ſupported—immenſe to the confuſion of the faith of poſterity. Alas! Freedom weeps! The Guillotine became the Financier-General.—That dreadful pilot, Robeſpierre, perceived that it would at once furniſh wind to the ſails, and free the veſſel from thoſe who were inclined to mutiny.—Who, my Brethren! was the cauſe of this guilt, if not He, who ſupplied the occaſion and the motive?—Heaven hath beſtowed on that man a portion of its ubiquity, and given him an actual preſence in the Sacraments of Hell, wherever adminiſtered, in all the bread of bitterneſs, in all the cups of blood.

Such in addition to the evils attending all wars, are the peculiar horrors of the preſent. Our national

tional faith has been impaired; our ſocial confidence hath been weakened, or made unſafe; our liberties have ſuffered a perilous breach, and even now are being (ſtill more perilouſly) undermined; the Dearth, which would otherwiſe have been ſcarcely viſible, hath enlarged its terrible features into the threatening face of Famine; and finally, of us will juſtice require a dreadful account of whatever guilt France has perpetrated, of whatever miſeries France has endured. Are we men? Freemen? rational men? And ſhall we carry on this wild and prieſtly War againſt reaſon, againſt freedom, againſt human nature? If there be one among you, who departs from me without feeling it his immediate duty to petition or remonſtrate againſt the continuance of it, I envy that man neither his head or his heart!

February, 1795.

ERRATA.

Page 8, for "Monarchy and Ariſtocracy" read "the Monarchy and Ariſtocracy."

Page 30, aſſerter for aſſerters.

Page 38, line 21ſt, for intereſt read influence.

Page 59, for Opian read Oſſian.

Page 61, for murder read Fight for his King and Country.